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1911

Easter Blessings





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Easter Blessings

by

Franklin Pierce Carrigan

Lettered by Oswald Cooper



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Dawn

Look up to where the hills
are flushed

With dawn's red pencilings
Look up to where an angel goes
On silver-flashing wings;
Look up to where the lark of morn
Is soaring whilst he sings.

Look up! the clouds of yesterday
Have vanished with the night;
Like some sweet dream that
follows toil

The present greets the sight;
Look up! the dawn of dawns has come
In majesty and might.



Easter Morning

The bells in the steeples are
 sending
Glad messages out on the air;
For the night is ended forever,
And the day breaks everywhere:
O night that was long and lonely!
O day that will know no care!

Above the vibrant bell-music
The perfumes of flowers rise—
The incense from nature's green altars,
Ascending like truth to the skies:
O incense sweet and prayer-breathing
From hearts that adore and are
 wise!

O hearts of the world that are many
As stars in the heavens above!
Christ wants you, and needs you,
 and seeks you
In charity, pity and love:
O hearts of the world He forgives you,
And sends you his peace-bearing
 dove!

My Gift of Lilies.

I gathered the lilies from hillside and
vale,
The beautiful lilies of Christ;
And thought of the time when the
angel of God
With the Virgin held holiest tryst—
The time in the mystical long ago
That is olden and far away,
But comes to all with its memoried
charm
To gladden the Easter Day.

I send you the beautiful lilies of
Christ,
The lilies of solace and light;
And may their white chalices breathe
you their peace
At morning, at noontime, and night;
And sift their sweet anther-dust over
your dreams,
To steep them in beauty & shine—
I send you the beautiful lilies of
Christ
The messengers of the Divine.



The Divine Call

I AM the Resurrection and the Life!
The bread and water and the
truth ye seek;
I shall not give denial to thy wants,
Nor be unmindful of thy many needs.
The wheat and corn and every
growing thing—
Yea, e'en a thing so lowly as the grass—
Are part of that sweet food I offer thee:
I am the Resurrection and the Life!

Come unto me, my children whom
I love—
Be not afraid that I shall turn from ye;
My love is vast, my arms will fold ye
tight,
My kiss will cleanse thy being of unrest.
I dwelt amongst ye, and I know full well
The conflict and the strife that is thy lot;
Through all the days, and nights, and
years I call,
Come unto me, my children whom I love!



Sundown

The sunset, like a smouldering
forge
In deepening shadows glows,
Upon the fields the evening star
Its lambent splendor throws,
And now the lovely Easter Day
Is sinking to repose.

The mellow, deep-toned angelus
Is pealing far away;
Come let us wander hand in hand
Out in the dying day:
The love that lives within our hearts
Will teach us how to pray.

'Tis just a mile across the hills
Unto the Gothic fane,
That grandly lifts its spire of faith
Above the misted main:
There 'neath the elms the blessed
dead
Through toilless years have lain.

Easter Evening

The music of the organ steals
Adown the aisles in mellow peals,
The anthem from the choir floats
From many silver-fluted throats.

'Twere if a stream went murmuring by
And birds were carolling on high,
Whilst rose leaves floated through the air,
And shed their redolence of prayer.

The homeward path winds dusk between
The wild-thorn hedges budding green,
Then o'er the star-bathed fields it goes,
Past orchards white with blossoms' snows.
We do not speak—the silence holds
A meaning that no speech unfolds:
We merely clasp each other's hand,
That heart and heart may understand.

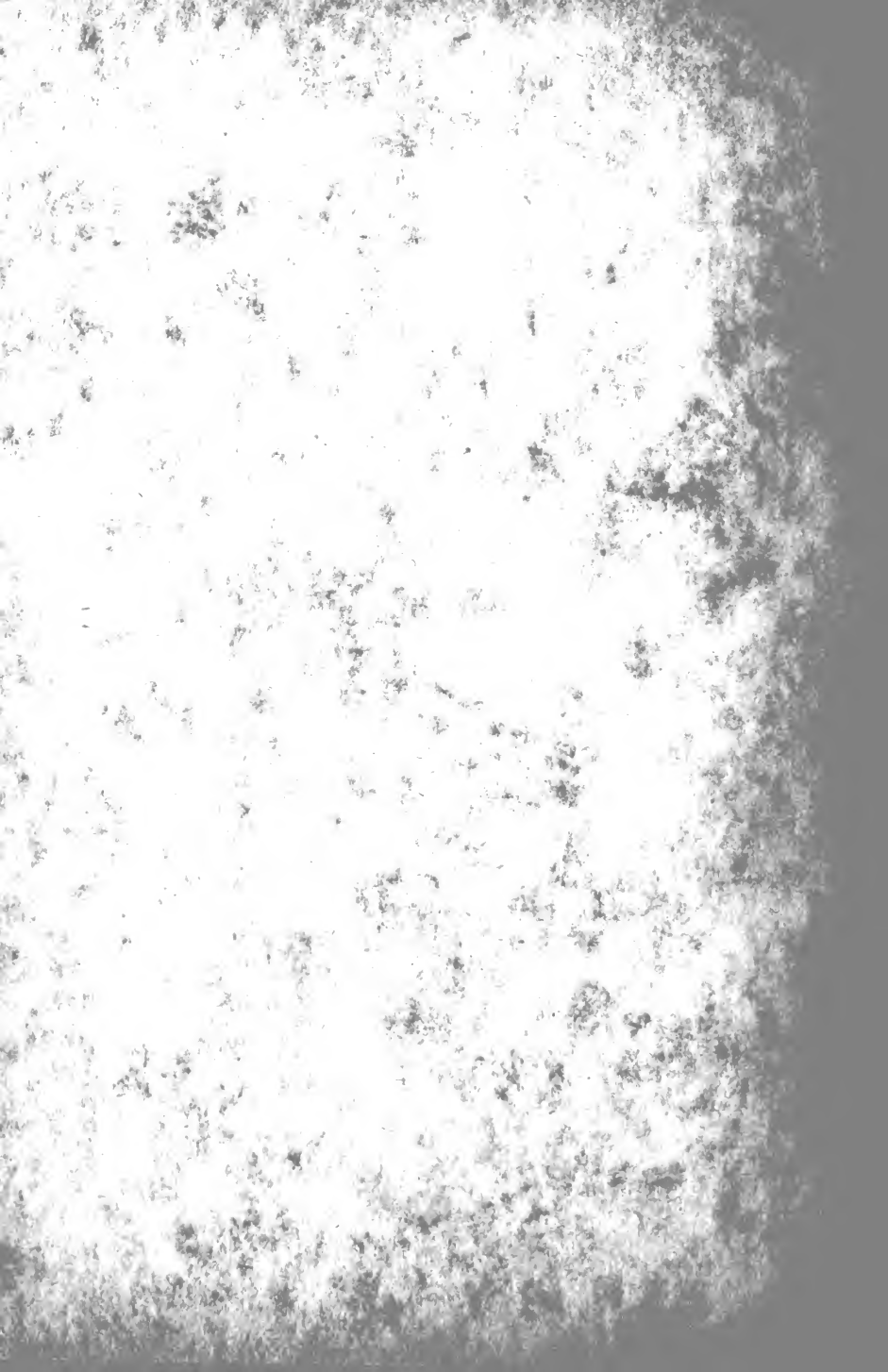
O happy days of Eastertide!
With us forevermore abide,
And fill with kindness and cheer
The hearts of those who doubt & fear.
Thou art the sun-bathed, liliated shrine
Of faith matured in love divine,
The radiant portals open—
O happy day of Eastertide!



Sunny Days

The days I spend with thee,
 dear friend,
Are sunny days of pure delight
That gleam like mile-stones on the way,
And mark the course of time's
 swift flight.
Their dawns are crimsoned with
 the flush
Of happiness that is to be;
Their twilights hold the vanished suns
That ray the bright futurity.

The days I spend with thee, dear
 friend,
Are free from turmoil, pain and
 care—
A joy holds thrice its recompense
If one we love its pleasure share.
God made the world so beautiful,
O'er-canopied by heaven's blue;
And what if many hearts prove false
If one remains forever true?



God Bless Thee, Dear

GOD bless thee, dear! this
Eastertide,
Wherever thou may be;
My thoughts go out across the miles
In tenderness to thee.
I trust the One Who rose to-day
Will keep thee in His care,
And flood thy life with happiness,
And grant thine every prayer.

God bless thee, dear! — there are
no words
More eloquent than these
Of friendship's crystal pledge of peace,
That knows no bitter lees.
Thy kindliness and sympathy
Have been a golden stair,
That led me up ambition's slope
And crowned me victor there.



The Passing On

'Tis right the springtime of the year
Should claim Christ's passing on
To that sweet Spirit-land of peace,
That knows no setting sun.
'Tis right the flowers then should fill
With perfume all the air;
That bells throughout the world
should ring
Their melodies of prayer.

'Tis right the soul should long to
tread
The path the Saviour trod,
And feel the cooling breezes steal
Across the clovered sod.
The thrush will sing so pleasantly
Upon its wild-thorn nest,
A melody of hope fulfilled—
A threnody of rest.



The Aspen Tree

Aspen tree, aspen tree, why do you
quiver,
And tremble and whisper so,
On mountain and hillside, by roadway
and river,
When never a breeze doth blow?
Why do you sigh as if you were
weeping,
Forsaken and unconsolated,
When all of your kindred are happily
sleeping
Or waking to daylight's gold?

Far back in a time that is vague & olden
As a pyramid covered with moss,
My wood was axed till its sap dripped
golden,
And they fashioned me into a cross
Whereon the flesh of a King was riven,
Whilst loved ones stood weeping by,
But I feel when the dead of the world
are forgiven,
I, too, shall be called on high.

Predestination

IT could not pass, it was to be,
The grief in fair Gethsemane,
The scourging and the mocking cries
Ascending to the pitying skies,
The crown of thorns and dripping blood
That stained the cross of aspen wood—
It could not pass, it was to be,
The agony on Calvary!

It cannot pass, it is to be,
Each life must know Gethsemane,
And tread alone the narrow way
That leads from darkness into day,
And wear the crown of cruel thorns,
And bear the cross at many morns—
It cannot pass, it is to be,
Each life must bleed on Calvary!

It will not pass, it is to be,
The city by the sapphire sea,
The liliated wand that all will hold
To ope the gates of jaspered gold,
The greeting and the welcoming
Of myriad angels on the wing—
It will not pass, it is to be,
God's kingdom after Calvary!



Behold the Man!

Behold the MAN!"—the world may
well repeat;
This truly was a man in word and
deed—

In pity, wisdom, majesty and love,
True attributes that make the perfect man.
"Behold the MAN!" calls out a mystic
voice,

Like bells that peal in cadences of prayer,
And, lo! our restless hearts are filled with
peace,
And reigns eternal love forevermore.

Each thorn which circles that pale, humid
brow
Bespeaks the mute reproach of suffering
man;

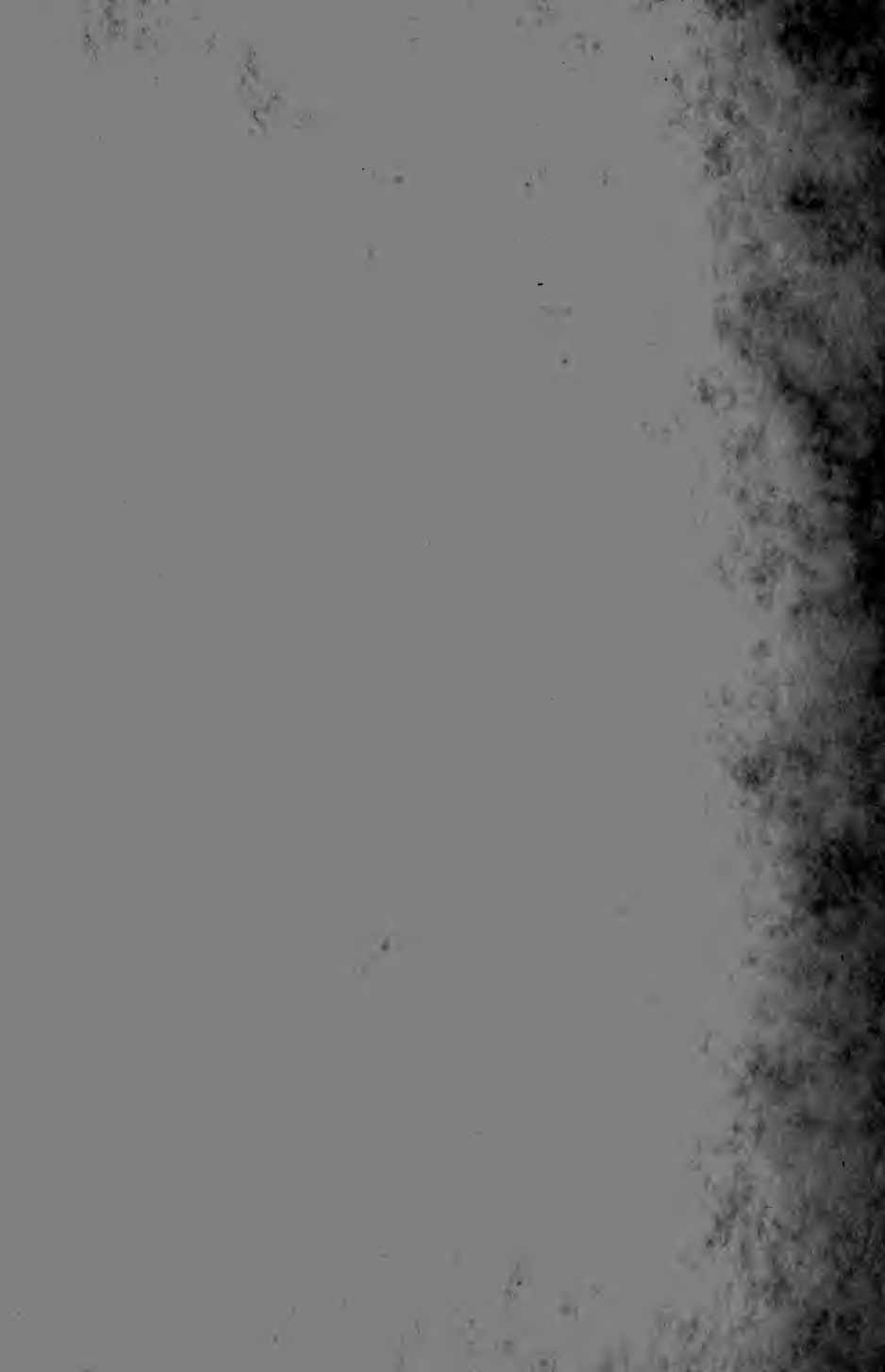
Each tear which trembles in those yearning
eyes

Has all the pity of a God Divine.

No grief was greater than the grief He
bore

No pain was sharper than the pain He felt;
Yet fell those words like rain in desert
lands:

"Father, forgive; they know not what
they do!"



The Assumption Lily

Lily bloom, lily bloom, shaped like
a chalice,
Glowing with anthers of gold,
White as the marble of temple or palace,
Or leaves of forgiveness scrolled,—
Why are you veiled with the mystery
and glory
Of moonbeams & sun-molded bars?
Lily bloom, lily bloom, tell us your story,
Wonderful, high as the stars.

I was brought by fairest angel of
Heaven
To Nazareth long ago,
And unto beautiful Mary was given—
An emblem of purity's snow.
I lay on her breast when Calvary
trembled
At words of the dying Christ;
I'll plead for the dead of the world
assembled
The day of judgment tryst.
O



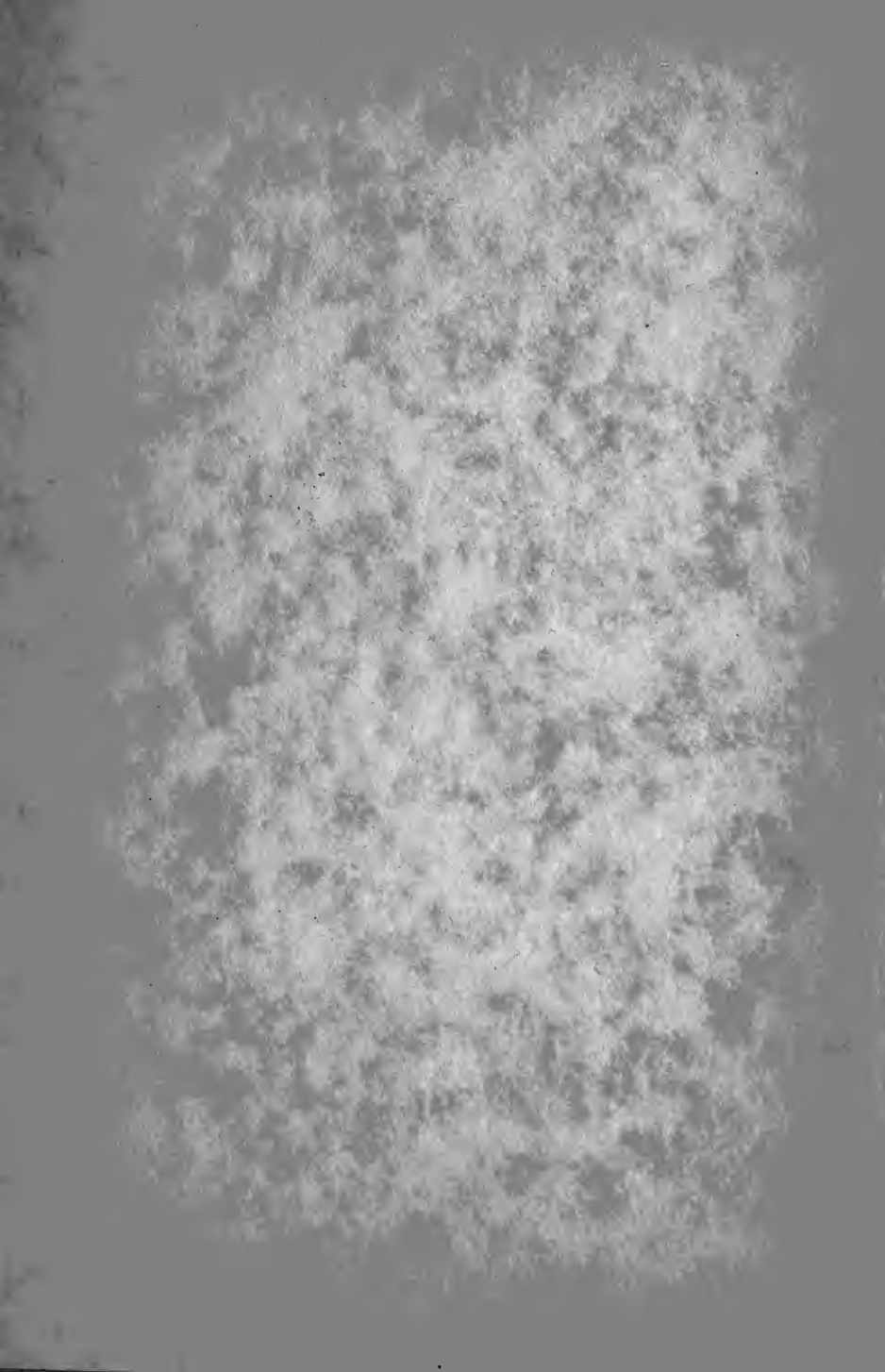
Night and Morn

Limned in the afterglow
Three crosses of aspen rise
And bleeding & thorn-crowned
The Prince of Forgiveness lies;
And O the yearning love
That burns in His dying eyes!

Over the dawn-flushed hills
An angel is winging low,
As up the hillside path
The sorrowing faithful go;
And by the riven tomb
The angel waits in the glow.

"He Whom ye seek is gone!"
The angel of Heaven says—
"Gone in guise of the flesh,
But thine in spirit always:
He Whom ye seek ye'll find
At the ending of earth's days!"





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